

HELL'S
BROKE
LOOSE.



LONDON
Printed by W. W. and are to be
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Allic near the Exchange.
1605.

An Aduertisement

to the wise and discrete

REader: hee that in discription of a wicked man, doth personate him, is to speake as that wicked man, not becomming a good man: or else he cannot aply deliuer him in his kinde, so odious as hee is: In respect whereof, let not any speech herein be misconstrued, which is onely set downe as spoken by the rebellious Heretiques, the more truly to expaine them as notorious as they were. *Vale.*

TO THE READER.

IN this vn-weeded Garden of the World, hath sprung up through all ages of the same, most innumerable euen of all sort of kindes, that haue been opposite to Vertue, and pursuers of Vices such as haue with great trauell and labour taken paynes to goe to Hell, and runne the broad way path with Hindes feete, in all passing speede that the Diuell could employ them. Amongst the rest of this fearefull race runners (of their variable qualities) here is a description of the most notorious Rebels and Heretiques of Europe, certaine Germane Anabaptistes, such as would haue all things common, and all men at free will and libertie to do what they list, without controule of any Authoritie: euery mans Will Law; and euery ones Dreame Doctrine.

Before the coming of our Sauour Christ; Theudas, and Judas Galilaëus, two seditious fellows of factious spirit, seduced the Iewes: The first of them saying, that hee was a Prophet sent from God for many good; and that by his owne powerfull word, hee could diuide the waters of Iordan in as admirable sort,

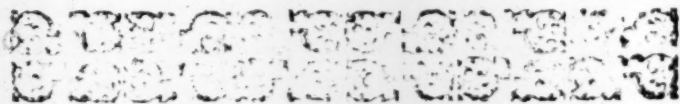


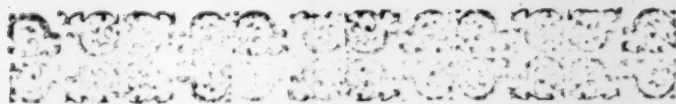
To the Reader.

For, as Ioshua the servant of the Lord had done. The other, did earnestly promise to enlarge the Jewes from the servitude and yoke of the Romans: both of them by these meanes, drawing after them great multitudes of peoples and both of them coming unto deserved destruction: For Varnus the Gouverneur of Iudy overtooke Theudas, and sent his head as a monument to Ierusalem: and Iudas likewise perished, and all his following confederates were dispersed.

After our Saviour Christ, in the time of his blessed Apostles, Elimas the Sorcerer mightely withstood the proceeding of Paule & Barnabas, sowing the seed of Heresie in the minde of Sergius Paulus Deputie: but the iudgement of God overtooke him, and he was stricken with blindness. Not long after him, in the reigne of Adrian the Emperour, arose an other called Benicochad, that professed himselfe to be the Melsias, & to have descended from Heaven in the likenes of a Starre, for the salutarie & redemption of the people: by which fallacie, he drew after him a world of seditious peoples but at last, hee and many of his credulous rout were slaine, and was called by the Jewes (in contempt) Bencoz'ba (that is) the Sonne of a lie.

Manes, of whom the Manichees take their name and first originall, forged in his foolish braine a fiction of two Gods,
and





To the Reader.

and two beginners; and reiecting the old Testament, and the true God, which is revealed in the same; published a fift Gospel of his owne forgery, reporting himselfe to be the Holy Ghost: When he had thus with divulging his diuinish Heresies and Blasphemies infected the world, being pursued by Gods iust iudgement, h. c. was for other wicked practises taken, and his skinne pulled ouer his eares aloue.

Montanus that notorious blasphemous wretch, of whom the Montanists tooke their spring, denyed Christ our Saviour to be GOD, saying: Hee was but Alan onely, like other men, without any participation of Diuine essence: Hee called himselfe the Comforter, and Holy spirit, which was promised to come into the world; and his two Wives Pricilla and Maximilla, he named his Prophetesses, and their writings Prophecies: yet all their cunning could not preuent nor foretell a wretched and desperate end which befell him; for after he had of long time deluded the world, in imitation of Iudas, hee hanged himselfe.

Infinite are the examples that may be collected out of the registers of foregone ages, touching the lamentable euillies, slaughters, blood, and death, that haue ensued from the damnable hereticall Instruments of the Diuel; and how the people





To the Reader.

ple (affecting Novelties, and Innovations) have concurred from time to time, with the plotters endeavours, Histories are full of their memories. Most Rebellions as pretence Religion for themselves: No Villaine but dare turne a good outside to the eye, though the inside be as bad, as heart can imagine.

These infamous Rebels and Heretiques in Germany, pretended Religion; they would be reformers of the Church, and State: new Doctrine of their owne fantastick conceits: no Childred should be Baptized: all things should be common, & no Magistrate to governe, but every man at his owne libertie to do what he list, take what secur he stood in need of, without pay: plaine of Wines: no recoverie of wrongfull detayned Goodes, and such like villanous roguish stuffe, that never a Thiefe in the world would refuse to subscribe unto it.

This was no sooner taught by John Leyden, alias Yoncker Haec a Dutch Taylor, Tom Mynter a parish Clarke, Knippenulling a Smyth, and Craetling a tanner; but it was embraced by the hundreds of the Boores, and vulgar illiterate Clownes, who in great companies dayly resorted unto them forth of all Townes and Villages: A most rude rascall company that regarded neither Gods feare, nor mans favour, even HELL BROKE LOOSE.





To the Reader.

In their outrageous madnes, they attempted much villanie, omitting to put nothing in practice that stood with their humours lyking; as good Commons Wealths men, as lacke Straw, Watt Tyler, Tom Myller, Iohn Ball, &c. in the raigne of Richard the 2. and as sound Divines for Doctrine, as Hackets Disciples, that preached in Chierpeide in a Pease-cart: Yet they found of their owne fraternitie to manage the Dynals affayres; and mustering themselves together, all composed of the scumbe and waste worser-sort could be raken up, they proceeded so farre, that they tooke the Towne of Munster, and there for a time, domineerd as if they had been Electors apeece to the Emperour; untill being beleagerd by the Duke of Saxon, they were taught to taste how Extremitie did savour, finding the bitternesse of their rash and gracelesse attemptes, to punish them most severely in the end: For when Cattes, Dogges, Rattes and Myce, grew scarce and daintie, (No common dish, but choyce dyet for Iohn Leyden, and the Lordes of his counsaile Kapperdulling the Smyth, Craftering the toynier, and Tom Mynter the Clarke;) They were constrained to frye old greasie Busse leather jerkins, and Parchments, Cooners of Bookes, Rootes in Steakes, and Stew-pottes of old Shooes, till in the end being furnished as leane as dried

A 2.

Stock.





To the Reader.

Stock-fish, they were subdued: and Leyden (who had tearmed himselfe King of Munster) with his Nobles, made of Smyth, Ioyner, and Parish Clarke, were according to the iust reward of all Rebels, put to death, with great torture: and being dead, their bodies were hang'd in Iron Cages upon the toppe of the high Steeple in Munster, called S. Lamberts Steeple, for an example to all of Rebell race: Their Confederates in great multitudes having perished with the Sward and famine, may together with all Traytors witnesse to the world throughout all ensuing ages, how GOD with vengeance rewardes all such State-disturbers, and factious Rebels.



THE GHOST OF
IACKE STRAW.

Prologue.

I That did act on *Smythfeildes* bloodie Stage,
In *second Richards* young and tender age:
And there receiu'd from *Walworths* fatall hand,
The stab of *Death*, which life did countermand:
Am made a *Prulogue* to the Tragedie,
Of *LEYDEN*, a Dutch Taylors villanie.
Not that I ere consorted with that slave,
My rascall rout in *Hollenshed* you haue:
But that in name, and nature wee agree,
An *English* Traytor I, *Dutch* Rebel hee.
In my Consort, I had the Priest *Iohn Ball*;
Mynter the *Clarke*, vnto his share did fall.
Hee, to haue all things common did intend:
And my Rebellion, was to such an end.
Euen in a word, wee both were like apoynted,

A 3.

To





PROLOGVE.

To take the Sword away from Gods Anoynted:
And for examples to this worlds last day,
Our Traytours names shall neuer weare away:
The fearefull Path's that hee and I haue trod,
Haue bin accursed in the sight of God.
Heere in this Register, who ere doth looke,
(Which may be rightly call'd *The bloody Booke*)
Shall see how base and rude those Villains bee,
That do attempt like *LEYDEN*; plot like mee.
And how the Diu'll in whose name they begon,
Payes them Hells wages, when their worke is don:
" *Treason* is bloodie; blood thereon attends:
" *Trayters* are bloodie, and haue bloodie ends.

FINIS.





THE ARGVMENT.

From darke Damnations vault, where Horrors dwell,
Infernal Furies, forth the lake of Hell
A world on earth, and with their damned evils
Fill'd the whole world full of Incarnat Devils:
For all the finnes that Hells vast gulfe containes,
In euery age, and euery kingdome raignes:
Murder, and Treason, False disloyall plots,
Sedition, Heresie, and roguish knoiss:
Of trayt'rous Rebels; Some of highest place,
And some of meanest sort, most rascall base:
Of which degree, behold a cursed crue,
Such as Hells-mouth into the World did spue:
IOHN LEYDEN, but a Taylor by his trade,
Of Munster towne a King would needes be made:
A Parrish Clarke, a Ioyner, and a Smyth,
His Nobles were, whom hee tooke counsell with:
To these adioyned thousands, Boores and Clownes,
Out of the Villages, and Germane Townes:
Whereof great losse of blood greuous ensu'd,
Before that Campe of Hell could be subdu'd.

S. R.





THE LIFE AND DEATH OF IOHN LEYDEN.

WHen nights blacke mantle ouer th'earth was laide,
And *Cynthias* face all curtaine-drawne with clouds:
When visions do appeare in darksome shade,
And nights sweet rest, dayes care in quiet shrowds;
About the houer o' twelue in dea of night,
A mangled Corse appeared to my sight.

Skin torne, Flesh wounded, vgly to behold:
A totterd Body peece-meale pull'd in sunder:
Harken (quoth hee) to that which shall be told,
And looke not thus amaz'd with feare and wonder:
Though I am all bestabbed, slash'd, and torne,
I am not *Cesar*, him, an's ghost I scorne.

Icke bin Hans Leyden; vnderstandst thou Dutch?
IOHN LEYDEN King of Munster, I am hee,
That haue in *Germanie* bin feard as much,
As any *Cesar* in the world could bee:
From the first houre that I armes did take,
I made the *Germanie* Gallants feare and quake.

B.

By





THE LIFE AND DEATH

By facultie at first, I was a *Taylor*,
But all my minde was Kingly eue'ry thought:
For e'en with *Cerberus*, Hels dogged laylour,
A combat hand to hand I durst haue fought:
Then with my trade, what's hee that hath to doe?
Old Father *Adam* was a *Taylor* too:

Hee made him Fig leaue Breeches at his fall,
And of that stuffe his Wife a Kirtle wore:
Then let both Needle, Threed, my Sheares and all,
Keepe with the trade; a Noble minde I bore:
And let this Title witnes my renowne,
IOHN LEYDEN Taylor, King of Munster towne.

My Councillers were these, a valiant *Smyth*,
As tall a man as euer strooke a heate,
Call'd *Knipperdulling*; wondrous full of pith:
Crafting the *loyner*, one of courage great:
Tom Mynter, a mald Rogue, our *Parrish Clarke*,
Whose doctrine wee with diligence did marke.

H 6





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

Hee taught on topp of Male-hill, Dush, and Tree,
The Traytors text in *England's Parson Ball*.
Affirming wee ought Kings apeece to bee,
And euery thing be common vnto all:
For when old *Adams* delu'd, and *Enah* span,
Where was my silken veluet Gentleman?

Wee *Adams* Sonnes; Hee Monarch of the Earth,
How can wee chuse but be of Royall blood?
Beeing all descended from so high a birth?
Why should not wee share wealth, and worldly good?
Tush Maisters (quoth *Tom Mynter*) reason binds it,
Hee that lacks Mony, take it where he finds it.

Why, is not euery thing Gods giift, we haue?
Doe Beastes and Cattell buy the Grasse they eate?
Shall that be sould, which *Nature* freely gaue?
Why should a Man pay Mony for his Meate,
Or buy his Drinke, that parboyld Beere and Ale,
The Fyshes broth, which Brewers do retayle?

B 2.

Pray





THE LIFE AND DEATH

Pray who is *Landlord* to the Lyons den?
Or who payes House-rent for the Foxes hole?
Shall Beastes enjoy more priuiledge then Men?
May they feed dayly vpon that is stole,
Eating and drinking freely *Natur's* store,
Yet pay for nought they take, nor goe on score?

Do not the Fowles share fellow like together,
And freely take their foode eu'en where they please,
A whole yeeres dyet costes them not a Fether?
And likewise all the Fyihes in the Seas,
Do they not franckly feed on that they get,
And for their victu'als are in no mans debt?

And shall Man, being Lord of all the rest,
(Vnto whose seruice these were all ordayned)
Of meate, nor drinke, nor clothing, be posselt,
Vnlesse the same by Mony be obtayned?
Pay House-rent, buy his foode, and all his clothing,
When other Creatures haue good cheare for nothing?

Wee'le





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

Wee'le none of that (quoth I, to my comforts.)
No (quoth *Tom Mynter*) trends, it ought not bee:
Come *Libertie*, and *Wealth*, and *Princely sports*:
Why, *Kings* are made of *Clays* and so are wee:
Wee'le ayme our thoughts on high, at *Honors* marke:
All rowly, powly; *Tayler*, *Smyth*, and *Clarke*.

Wee are the men will make our *Valours* knowne,
To teach this doting world new reformation:
New *Lawes*, and new *Religion* of our owne,
To bring our selues in wondrous admiration:
Let's turne the world cleane ypside downe, (mad *flaues*)
So to be talk'd of, when w'are in our *Graues*.

Braue *Knipperdulling*, set thy *Forge* on fire.
It shall be done this present night (quoth hee,)
Tom Mynter, leaue *Amen* vnto the *Quier*.
Quoth *Tom*, 'I' come hencefoorth a *Clarke* to bee,
Cornelis, hang thy wooden *loyners* trade,
For Noble-men apeece you shall be made.

B 3.

And





THE LIFE AND DEATH

And fellow mates; Nobles and Gallants all,
To Matellic you must your mindes dispose:
My Lord *Hans* Hogz, forsake your Butchers stall.
Hendrick the Botcher, cease from heeling Hise.
Clasf. Chaundler, let your Weick and Tallow lye,
And *Peeter* Cobler, cast your old Shooes by.

For you my valiant Lords, are men of witt,
And fatte too good for base and seruile trades,
Your Martial power may be compared fitt,
Vnto the strength of our strong *Germane* Iades:
Who if they had but knowledge to their force,
What whistling Car-man could commaund his Horse?

Your gifts are rare, and singular to finde,
Being full of courag, resolute, and wise:
Yet to behold these parts you haue bin blinde.
O could you see your Valour with mine eyes,
You would exclaime that Igneraunce so long,
Hath done to worthy Men, such open wrong.

But





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

But now my Lyon-harted Cauliers,
Let vs match after war-like *Mars* his Drome,
Your Prentiships are out of subiect yeeres;
Now let vs show the Houses whence wee come:
For wondrous matters there are to be done,
Crownes must be conquerd, Kingdoms must be wonne."

Tom Mynter, goe and preach vnto the Boores
All Libertie, all Freedome, Ease, and Wealth:
And if they will, alow them Queanes and Whores:
Bid them Drinke free, and pledge Good-fellows health:
Say Goods are common, each man to suffice,
The Rich-mans purse, is Poore-mans lawfull prize.

Tell them, they need not stand on honest dealing,
To borrow Mony, and to pay againe:
And those that haue occasion to be stealing,
May take a Purse, if need do so constrain:
Poore Men must haue it: Gentlemen must liue:
Good-fellowes cannot stay till Misers giue.

B 4.

Ther's





THE LIFE AND DEATH

There's none of vs (my Maisters) but may want,
Our Purfes may haue emptie stomackes all,
But he shall finde his dyet to be scant,
Whose credit's scord vpon an Ale-house wall,
I owe a debt my lelfe onely for Beere,
Amounts to more then I haue earnd this yeere.

And let me come to a base Tapsters house,
Where I but owe some twentie doozen of Beere,
The rascal will not giue me one cirowse,
But tels me straight how eu'ry thing is d-e-r-e:
Tis a hard wold, the Brewer must be pay'd:
Thus on my emptie Purse the Villaine play'd.

This is his state, whose Purse is lyned thin,
And goes on trust, b holding for his shot,
With, By your leaue, hee must come creeeping in:
I pray you Brother, let vs haue a Pot,
How does all heere? pray is mine Hostes well?
Cuisse not your debtors: How doest honest Ne².

This





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

This shaking humor, I do much detest,
Which emptie Purles do inflict on some:
I can not be beholden, I protest,
Mony must make mee welcome where I come:
If Siluer in my Pockets do not ring,
All's out of tune with mee in eu'ry thing.

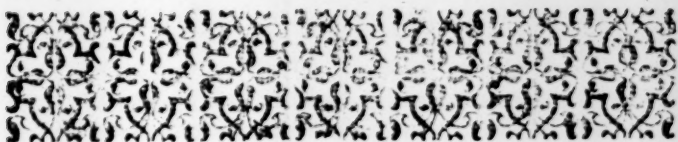
What extreame griefe doth Monyes want procure?
How madd and franticke doth it make the minde?
Againc, how chearefully can Mony cure?
When Phisicke comes in Gold, and Siluer's kinde,
To thinke on this, what's hee, that would not craue it,
And fight himsele out of his skin to haue it?

Thus my braue Caualiers, you plainely see,
Vpon what golden ground wee set our foote,
Courage *Dutch* bloods, I say couragious bee,
Wee will haue Wealth, and Libertie to boote:
Let vs goe forward as we haue begone.
And wee'le make bloody sport before it's done.

C.

John





IOHN LEYDEN, TOM MINTER,
KNIPPERDVLLING, *and their*
confortes; the first inuentors of the
Dreames and Dotages of the
heriticall Anabaptists
in Germanie.

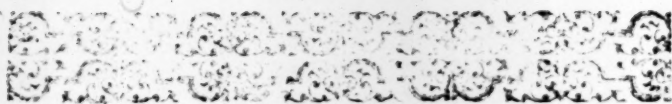
THere neuer was so odious a pretence,
Nor any Act so wicked and so vile,
But some would take vpon them a defence
To colour it; the easier to beguile
The simple sort, which haue vnstayed mindes;
Whose hastie Iudgment Errour easily blindes.

So these leawd wretches, sprung from Villain race,
That had all Pietie in dereliction:
A Rascall sort, that were eu'en spent of Grace,
Would take on them *Religions* reformation:
And in the fore-front of their villanie,
Tom Mynter vnters new fond Heretic.

C 2.

Deare





THE LIFE AND DEATH

Deare Friends (quoth he) that wee may haue successe,
In this our honorable enterprife:
Which you shall see the very heau'ens will blesse,
If from a Christian zeale it do arise,
Let's mende the Church in matters are amisse,
Especially in one thing; which is this,

*Christ gaue commission to the twelue, saying: Goe
Into all Nations; Preach, and there Baptize.*

So that you see the very wordes doe shewe,
And from the substance of them doth arise,
Wee first must be of yeeres to vnderstand,
Before wee take that *Sacrament* in hand.

Therefore wee'le haue no Babes to be Baptized,
Vnill thy come to yeeres of ripe discretion,
That of the *Fayth* they may be first aduised,
And yeeld the world accompt of their profession:
For you may see, vnlesse your sight be blinde,
Beliefe is first, and *Baptisme* comes behinde.

And





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

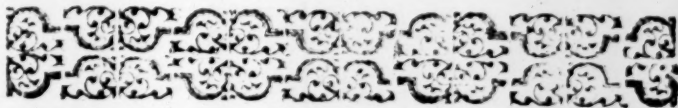
And yet (my Maistars) you may dayly see,
In any Country where so ere you come,
Such store of little Children christned bee:
Tis infinite for one to count the summe:
But let vs take another course, I pray:
Thot forward Sucklings shall hereafter stay.

What say you to it? are you all agree'd,
That this same doctrine shall be our chiefe ground:
It shall (sayd *Leyden*) and I haue decreed,
That it be helde for holsome, good, and sound:
And for example I haue thought it best,
To be new Christned heere, before the rest.

Let's haue a Bason, and some Water straight,
With all the present speed it may be brought:
For I perceiue this matter is of waight,
My Christning when I was a Child, is nought:
Surely I thinke I am no Christian yet,
A Booke good honest *Mynter* quickly get.

C 3.

Well





THE LIFE AND DEATH

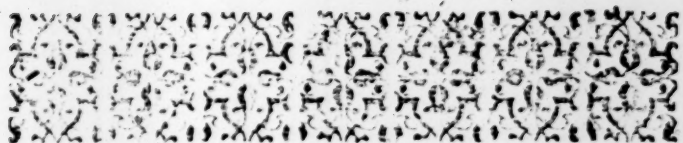
Well say I, ar't readie? Shall wee need God-father?
Yes: take you *Harman Cromme*, or any other:
I haue a minde to *Knipperdulling* rather:
And *Tannekis* may serue to be God-mother,
Or *Knipperdulling* woyn'd with *Harmon Cromme*:
Let it be so: some water quickly come.

Thus on they goe, with errors foule defild,
In rude prophaneing Holy ordinance:
And *Mynter* a keth, With such name the Child
Call him (quoth *Knipperdulling*) *Toncker Hans*,
His noble minde, and nature do agree,
And therefore hee a *Toncker Hans* shall bee.

Now (quoth *Tom Mynter*) let mee make a motion,
To which I do beseech you all incline:
Let euery man that's heere, with one deuotion,
Come follow mee to drinke some Remyth with vs;
Our inward loue, let our outward senses reueale it,
And to the Taueerne let vs goe and scale it.

The





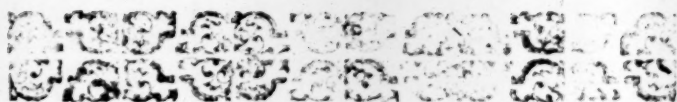
*The Rebels daily increasing in great multitudes of the
rude Boores, and illiterate Clownes, propounde vnto
themselves diuers monstrous absurdities, confir-
med by their Captaines Yoncker, Hans, and
Knipperdulling: which by them are
Intituled Twelve Articles of
Christian Libertie.*

What is it from the Cocatrice doth passe,
But such a natur'd Serpent as him selfe?
What sees an Ape within a Looking glasse,
But a deformed, and ill fauour'd elfe?
What Good fruite cometh from an euill tree?
Or how should Villains ought but Villains bee?

Like desperat mad-men, voyde of Reasons vse,
They run to any outrage can be thought:
And Libertie is made the Rebels scuse,
Which now by Dreames and Fancies so hath wrought,
That Yoncker Hans vnto his rable rout,
Twelve Articles of Libertie giues out.

And





THE LIFE AND DEATH

And first sets downe: They need not stand in feare
Of Magistrate or Ruler, for offence:
But they themselues might causes freely heare,
And so end matters: saving much expence
Of Coyne in fees, which vnto Lawyers fall:
For wee'le (quoth *Yonker Hans*) be Lawyers all.

If that a wrong to any man be done,
Let him repaire to mee, and my two Lords,
Wee'le end the strife so soone as ti's begone:
For halfe a doozen of Beere, in quiet words,
And make them drinke together, and be friends,
Shake hands, and like good fellowes make amends.

Next, if a man's disposed for to ride,
And hath no Horse, nor doth intend to hire,
Hee may take one vpon the high-way side,
To leaue, as his occasion doth require,
All-ways prouided, when his Iourney's don,
Hee is to turne him loote, and let him run.

ALSO,





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

Also, if any Woman chaunce to marrie,
And that her Husband prooue not to her minde;
Shee shall be at her choyce with him to marrie,
Or take an other whom she knowes more kinde:
Wee thinke it meete no Woman should be bound,
To him in whom no kindnes can be found.

For if shee match for Wit, and hee turne Clowne,
Or any way her bargaine prooueth ill,
Shee may stay with him till her wedding Gowne
Be worne, and then be at her owne free-will,
To take another, and exchange the Lout:
This Law of out's, shall serue to beare her out.

Yea, further (which should haue bin sayd before)
That man which hath not Wife enough of one,
Why, let him (if he please) take halfe a score:
Wee'll be his warrant, or to bulde vpon:
Wee in our wisdomes do allow it to,
For good found reasons that wee haue to show.

D.

For





THE LIFE AND DEATH

For say, you meete with such, as most men do,
Of this lūne proud, and hie hūfwee broo',
Shr with a d coyth; to pūsh qūaūth to:
Full of bāot vults, a strict anū chū thād's good:
What shūld me do wīth hūch vūtrous wūes?
Turne them to grāff, and to the gūet hūes.

Besīdes, Tenants shāll neede nō wūerent,
The Earth's the Lords, and all that wīthē it;
Land-lords may hang them-sēlves wīth one consent;
And if they please, nex' Quarter day begin;
Wee will not be indebted vnto any,
But be free-holders, paying not a penny.

All Bonds and Bills, shāll be of no effect;
And hee that will not pay his Debt, may chuse:
This Hand, and Seale, no man shāll need respect:
Day of the month; and toyes that Scriueners vie:
Sheepe-skins, and Waxe, shāll now no more preuayle,
To bring a man into the dolefull layle.

All





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

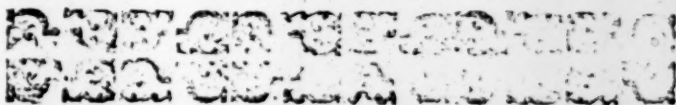
All Prisons shall be presently pul'd downe,
For wee will haue good Fellowes walke at large:
A paire of Stocks shall not appeare in Towne:
This in our names, wee very straightly charge:
What reason is it when the hands haue stole,
To put the Legs into a wodden hole?

No man shall need obay any Arrest,
Let th' action be what t'will, trespassse or debt:
All Surety-ship, shall be an idle iest:
No Creditor thereby shall vantage get:
All Beasts and Cartell, Oxen, Sheepe, and Kine,
Shall be his that wil haue them: yours, and mine.

All Forrests, Parks, and Chases, shall be free
For each man that delighteth in the game:
Orchards and Gardens likewise common bee:
All Fruits and Icarbs, let him that will come clayme:
An Ieuery thing, that any man shall need,
According to his will, let him proceed.

D2.

Who





THE LIFE AND DEATH

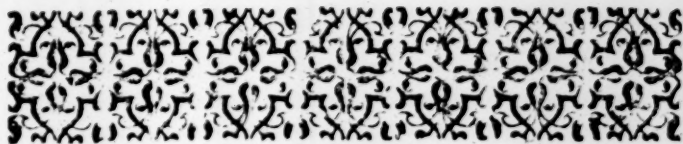
Who will not draw his weapon in this cause,
And fight it out, as long as he can stand?
Which of you all will disallow these Lawes,
And will deny our Articles his hand?
Then all cry'd out, This Doctrine wee'le defende,
And liues a peece about it wee will spende.

Our Will's our Law; our Swordes the same shall pen,
What wee dectee, let's see who dare resist:
Wee care not for the Lawes of other men,
But will without controule do what wee list:
Wee are growne strong; and wee are very wise,
My honest Gentlemen, let this suffice.

With courage now let vs our selues ad tresse,
Attempting on the sodaine *Munster* Towne:
Let every one be in a readines,
Kinde Fortune smiles: regard not who doth frowne:
At euery Church wee'le hang a Tauerne signe,
And wash our Horses feete in Rennish-wine.

The





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

*The Rebels in a furious resolution, enter the Towne of
Munster: where with insolent proud audacious
spirits, they inflict most inuiolous wronges
vpon the inhabitants, taking greatest
glorie in acting villanie.*

With desp'rat Resolution, mad-braine heat,
Munster they enter like to sauage Beares:
The Citizens no fauour could entreat,
For all their goods are common, Leyden swears
Catch that catch may; hee bids his Souldiers share,
Deuide the spoyle, and take no further care.

Freely supply your wants, who euer lacks:
Chearely my hart; care, drinke, and domineere,
Ryfell the rich and wealthy Marchants packes:
Make all things cheape that heeretofore were deere:
And where you finde an Vsurer, be bold
To cut his throat, and take away his gold.

D 3.

Adorne





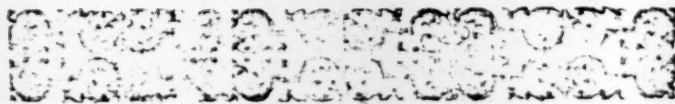
THE LIFE AND DEATH

Adorne your selues in princely brane attire,
Put downe with State the Emperours of *Rome*:
And giue the foolish world cause to admire,
And say, wee passe, each base and common *Groome*:
Though some of you (my Lords) came from the Plow,
Wee'll make them stoope, that haue dildaind to bow.

Haue you not heard that *Scythian Tamberlaine*
Was erst a Sheepeheard ere he play'd the King?
Inst ouer Cattell hee began his raigoe,
Then Countries in subiection hee did bring:
And Fortunes fauours so mayntain'd his side,
Kings were his Coach-horse, when he pleas'd to ride.

Do you not see our valourous success?,
How easily wee haue attayn'd this Towne?
What thinke you then for time wee shall possesse,
When Greatnes comes to backe vs with reuowne?
Vvay fore I thinke our shares will to increase,
That wee shall let our Kingdomes by the leace.

III





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

Fill Bowles of VVine, and let vs drinke a health:
Carowle in Glasses that are five foote deepe:
You worthy members of the Common-wealth,
Munster is ours, and *Munster* wee will keepe:
Boone-het the ttreetes; set Bells a worke to ring
For toy a Taylour is become a King.

Bring forth all Pr'sters presently to mee,
And let the Magistrates supply their places:
Priso's for true-men now shall only bee:
Braue Theeues, with many fauours wee will grace,
Such men as they, with courage do proceed,
And of their seruice wee shall stand in need.

For Theeues (you know) of feare make no account,
They'le hazard hanging, for a little gaine:
And though vnto the Gallowes top they mount,
Both Halter and the Hang-man they disdain,
How many die at Tyburne in a yeere?
VVould make vs gallant Souldiers, were they heere.





THE LIFE AND DEATH

He tell yee Maisters, I haue knowne men die,
That haue out-brau'd the hang-man to his face:
Such as would giue an *Emperour* the lie,
And valiant take a Purse in any place,
Bid a man stand vpon the hige-way side,
When he hath had exceeding haste to ride,

As full of courage as their skins could hold,
Spending as franckly as they freely got:
Scowring the rust from Silver and from Gold,
That Misers hoorded vp and vsed not:
As honest men as wee, in all their dealing,
And yet are hang'd for nothing but for stealing.

Example to you of a friend He make,
And I beseech you all, to note the thing:
Who being to be married, went and spake
Vnto a Goldsmith for a wedding Ring,
And comming for it when he should be wed,
The doores were shut, and cry oue abed:

Hee





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

Hee had no reason than to knocke all day,
But brake the windowes open, in a iest,
Taking all Rings he found, with him away,
To chuse his owne the better, from the rest:
Meaning to put the Gold-smith but in feare,
In making him suppose some Thiefe were there.

Well, this poore fellow hee was apprehended,
Brought to the Barr, and as a tellon try'd,
And yet you see hee is iustly offended,
Hauing good reason for it on his syde:
But all his protestations were in vaine,
For he was hang'd in earnest for his paine.

Another honest fellow as hee went,
Did draw a halter after him along,
Thinking no hurt, nor hauing any intent
To offe any kind of creature wrong:
O he comes behind him was the Hang-mans friend,
And tyde a Horse vnto the Halters end.

E.

The





THE LIFE AND DEATH

The owner met him leading of his beast,
And charged him with felony (poore man)
Although in this same matter he knew least,
There is no remedie, say what he can
To prison, hang him for an arrant thiefe.
How say my maisters is not this a grieft

But wee'le take order for such matters now,
For theues and Gentlemen shall be all one,
To take a purse, or horse, we will allow,
And let him boldly do it that hath none:
Take any thing that any man shall lacke,
To fill the Belly and to cloth the backe.

If any finde him selfe herewith agreed,
Let him be whipt and banisht forth the towne,
With rich mens goods we meane to haue releued
The very poorest meane and basest clowne,
Weele haue it for my Lords, it shall be thus,
Lets see who dare but stand on tearmes with vs.

Tom





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

Tom Mynter, prethe search the towne with speed,
Chuse out the fayrest of the female kinde,
Some luttie wenches of the Germane breede,
For to the flesh I feele my selfe inclinde:
Some halfe a dosen wiues for me prouide,
And stocke me with some Concubines beside.

Go to the Goldsmithes in my princely name,
Will and commaund them presently forthwith
They send such chaynes and Jewels as I clayme
By *Knipperdullings* mouth, my Lord the Smith,
Without demanding any thing therefore,
I neither meane to pay, nor go on score.

Let others to the Mercers shops repayre,
And tell them we do silke and veluet lacke,
Our seame-rent Souliers are exceeding bare,
Scant any tatters hanging on their backe.
Rich Taffara and Veluet of threepile,
Must serue our vse to swagger in a while.

E 1.

Com.





THE LIFE AND DEATH

Command the Marchants to supply our Court
With all abundance of the choyest Wine:
Vnto the Butchers likewise make resort,
Bid them prouid vs Oxen, Sheepe, and Swine:
Charge Brewers to present vs with their trade,
And that their Beere be somewhat stronger made,

The Baker in his office to appeere,
His Mealy-worship wee do greatly want:
And store of Cookes let vs haue likewise heere,
To dresse our dishes, that they be not leant:
All things in plentie, and abundant store,
Bee merry, eate, and drinke, and call for more.

This for a Resolution wee set downe,
And do ordaine that it continue still:
All is our owne that is within the Towne,
And wee are men that haue the world at will:
Fill Bowles of Wine, carowse aough-Dutch round,
For Cares lye conquerd, and our Ioyes are crown'd.

Munster





Munster being besieged by the Duke of Saxonic, the Rebels
inured great misery, and extremitie by famishment; but
constrained in the end to yeelde: their principall
Captaines Leyden, Knipperdulling, and Myn-
ter, are tortur'd and put to death, for exam-
ple to all of Rebellious damned disposi-
tion, ending as desperate, as their
lives were diuellsb.

Ambitions wheele, which Traytors do aspire,
Hath brought the Rebels to their altitude:
And now declining, downe-ward they retire,
By iust Reseenge a downe-fall to conclude,
From top o' Treaso, thus they turne about:
For now behold, their cursed date run out.

The Martiall Duke layd seige vnto them now,
Preuenting them of needfull wants supply,
With clungers sharpest sword, to make them bow:
No expectation but resolute to dye,
Their length of life was measur'd by their store,
Which could not be enlarg'd a crum the more.

E 3,

Yet





THE LIFE AND DEATH

Yet most extreame hard cruell shift they made,
Holding the towne besieg'd about a yeere,
In which sharpe time their paunches were betraide
Of all their former feastes and belly cheere,
For each mans stomack deem'd his throat was cut,
There was such empunesse in cry gut.

When wholesome foode was all consumed and gone,
After a hard allowance they had past,
Horses and Doges they lickt their lips vpon,
Then Rats and Mice grew daintie meate at last,
Olde shooes they boyld, which made good broth beside,
Buffle-lether Jerkins cut in Steakes they trade.

Not an olde payre of Bootes did walke the streete,
Their bellies could not spare their legs the lether,
But stew'd they were, and hunger made them sweete,
For with that sauce they star'd alike together,
Couters of Bookes were in like maner drest,
And happie he was such a dishes ghest.

The





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

The Chaundlers crawling tallow vit' red well,
It seru'd *Hans Leyden* and his Lords owne table,
There was no fault found with the taste nor smell,
Their onely griefe was this, they were not able
To maintaine that good cheere, which grew so scant,
On filthie kitchen stuffe they found great want.

When they had eaten vp the Chaundlers trade,
As likewise all the ware Shoemakers had,
The Scriueners shops for parchment they inuade,
And seize vpon it euen hunger mad,
Cancellling with their teeth both bond and bill,
Looke after debts and pay them he that will.

In these extreames (quoth *Leyden* to the rest)
What shall we doe in this accursed case?
Aduse me now *Tom Mynter* what were best,
What's to be done in this same hungry place?
Speake *Knipperdulling* lets haue thy aduice,
There's no prouision left of Rats and Mice.

Why





THE LIFE AND DEATH

Why, fire the Towne, as late I did my Forge,
(Quoth *Knipperdulling*) I do this keene meete,
Least *Saxon* imitate English *Saint George*,
And trample vs like Dragons vnder feete:
Like *Troy*, let flame and smoake ascend the skyes,
Wee burne like *Phoenix*, that in fier dyes.

Or let vs on a sodaine issue out,
And rust vpon those ratsles keepe vs in:
Most detperat in that wee go about,
As not respecting if wee lose or win:
Be as it wil, wee haue but liues to spend,
A puffe of breath, and therewithall an end.

In this estate despayring of their liues,
Iohn Leyden plots in his fantastique hed,
To sen out of the Towne one of his Wiues
Vnto the *Duke*, to tell him shee is fled
From these accursed Rebels, to his grace,
To signifie the Citties weakest place:

Thou





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

Thou must (quoth hee) play *Iudiths* part for all,
 And free vs from this same *Assirian* host:
 Bring *Holefernes* head vnto the wall,
 That thus against *Bethulia* doth host:
 I had a Vision did appeare to mee,
 Which signified thou should'st our *Iudith* bee.

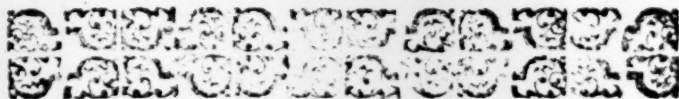
And by thy meanes deliuerance procure,
 Saving out lues, to thy immortall prayse:
 Then holy woman put this worke in vre,
 Thou see'st we die, if wee indure delays:
 Thou hast rare beautie, on with rich attire,
 And good successe incline to thy desire.

This silly Woman easily deluded,
 Prepares her selfe vnto the enterprise:
 Departs the Towne as *Leyden* had concluded,
 Vnto the Duke, attyred in disguise,
 As if shee had by secret made escape,
 Taking on her an Hypocrites true shape.

F.

Deliuers





THE LIFE AND DEATH

Delivers all the cunning she was taught,
To gaine her credit, and to free Nispe &
The Duke misdoubts her practize to be nought,
And by examination findes direct
The plot, and all the drift why shee was sent,
And thus to worke with this false *Indith* went.

A Scaffold was erected in the fight
Of all the Rebels, that they might perceine
Their Gentlewoman play'd not *Indith* right:
Because her head behind her she did leane:
"For Treason neuer is so well contrin'd,
"But still the plotters is the shortest lin'd.

Then did the Duke assault them very strong,
Who being weake, vnable to resist,
Tir'd out with famine they endured long,
And did subdue them euen as he list:
Such leane *Anatomies* they seemed all,
Like those dry bones in the Chirurgeons hall.





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

And heere en is *LEYDENS* kingdome and his raigne,
His counterfayted tytle's out of date,
Hee is *Ioohn Leyden* Taylor now againe :
And those that were his Noble-men of late,
Are eu'en restored to their first degree,
Smyth, Clarke, and Ioyner, arrant Knaues all three.

To their deserued deaths they are appoynted,
For all their villanies, and extreame wrongs :
Drawne through the Cuttie streets, and then disioynted,
Their flesh torne from the bones with fiery tongs :
And as then hues did to all mischeife tend,
So did the delp'rat vnrepentant end.

Being dead, there were three Iron Cages made
For strength and substance to endure and last,
And into them then bedes were conueyd,
And on the Cities highest Steeple plapt,
Leyden being highest, to expresse his pride,
Coyate, and *Knipperdolling*, on each side.

F 2.

The





THE LIFE AND DEATH

The like reward, be like offenders due.
Let Traytors end be violent, and euill:
And as these past, so all that shall entue,
Let them receiue their wages from the Deuill:
Hee sets a worke, and hires them to a pre,
And is to pay them veng'ance for their hire.

FINIS.



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